

SUMMER SUNSETS.

Spaces there are of silver, spaces of
 daisy green,
 Padme blue and deepening rose the lin-
 den boughs between;
 Sublimed thrushes calling while twilight
 veils are falling
 Across the western roses their fervent
 fires to screen.
 A whitethroat sings his vespers, while
 far-off plovers drawl;
 Moths quit the shadowy shelter of ivy
 on a wall;
 The spider stops her spinning, for her
 treasure time's beginning;
 And dimed across with dewdrops are the
 hangings of her hall.
 Gray clouds invade the silver, the green
 they overrun;
 There is no stain of scarlet where lately
 died the sun;
 Time's finger that was lifted falls; and a
 point has shifted
 Upon the dial of the earth. Another day
 is done.
 —Westminster Gazette.



THE LAST HOPE

By LURA VINE SMITH.

Copyrighted, 1902, by The Authors Publishing Company.

"Ruthie, do you think James will come to-morrow? Will I see him once more before I die? He will come, if he knows, won't he?"

"Oh, grandma!" answered the girl, "don't don't talk that way! Maybe we will keep you with us a long time yet. Yes, I think James will come, and really, I believe you look better to-day. Now try and sleep a bit, and when you wake up I will make you some nice soft toast and we will have tea together."

Tenderly drawing the bed cover up over the shoulders of the old lady and smoothing her pillow, Ruth stepped softly to the kitchen and sinking into a low chair buried her face in her apron and sobbed bitterly. She knew her grandmother could live, but a few days at the most. The dear, helpless, old lady had passed her ninety-seventh birthday, and now it was only a step to the beyond where all sorrow and care would cease.

But this was not all the cloud that darkened Ruth's sky. Poor child! so young and frail to bear such a heavy burden! Drawing it from her pocket, she read for the hundredth time, perhaps, that crumpled letter:

"Dear Ruth: I am more than ashamed to beg you to help me out of another scrape, but I swear if you can fix me out this time, it shall be the last. Here I am, three hundred miles from home, grandma dying—asking for me, and I am in trouble again. It's a fine of ten dollars or—jail. The professor says he will see me go there this time, before he'll help me out, and I don't know as I can blame him. Sis, I haven't one cent! I've got that pass for home, but I can't leave here until I have paid the fine! Ruthie, I am a scoundrel, as I know better than anybody else, and I hate myself; but if you can get me out this once, so I can go home, I'll promise to come back and finish this year and be the staidest fellow you ever saw. I mean it this time, sure, for I'm tired of the whole business, and I'll pay you back, for you shall have a good deal more than half of what grandma has to leave us. You will, won't you, Ruthie? Don't let her die till I get there! Your loving brother, JIM."

Ruth wasn't really his sister, though she loved him with all her big heart—perhaps more than she would if she had been. Grandma Hall, who had raised James, taking him when he was a little fellow in dresses, had adopted Ruth Wells and brought the two up as her own children.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the girl. "She must not, must not guess the truth—it would break her heart, for she thinks him perfect, and she is—dying! How can

ing woman's face lit up with a bright glow.

"It was years ago—one cold night in fall. Your grandpa and I lived right here, just as you and I do—and the wind howled just as it does to-night—perhaps that is what made me remember—that and—There came a sound of music out under that old ironwood tree; it came nearer, and O, it was so sweet! It was 'The Last Hope,' the boy said, for father opened the door, and there stood the poor thing, cold and shivering, and sick. We took him in and put him to bed; I guess you would call him a 'Dago,' now, but he had a sweet soul.



For there was money!

The next morning his dark, curly head lay against the pillow—so quiet, but his eyes roamed over the room and he whispered, 'The Last Hope! Wind it up.' Your grandpa wound it, faintly, 'Again!' I was busy in the kitchen and thought it must be nearly run down; I came in just as the last sweet strain was dying and with it went the spirit of the little Italian boy. We never knew who he was, but we buried him and took the music box for our own—not for general use, but when dark places came we would wind it up and listen, and it always seemed to comfort us with the assurance that there was still one more hope. I need it now, so get it, dearie, and we will listen to it together; it will be the 'Hope' that, Jamie will come before I go."

Ruth made her way to the attic and found the unknown, hidden treasure, though her eyes were blinded with tears so that she could hardly see, and she shivered and kept repeating, "O what shall I—what can I do?"

With difficulty she brought the box down the narrow stairs, for it was large and heavy, but it was finally placed on the round, old-fashioned table and wound up. Slowly—sofly—the tune that had slept for years awakened and filled the room with its rich, sweet melody; once, twice it played the tune and they listened in silence, then—the music stopped. Ruth wound it tighter—still no sound; she tried to turn the sheet, but it refused to move. She tried the sprocket, pressed the pin wheel, but all to no purpose.

"I will take it to the kitchen and unscrew the cover and then I can surely find out what is the matter. You shall have some more music, grandma, indeed you shall," said Ruth, as she once more lifted the big box and bore it away.

The old screws were loosened with but little trouble, the cover raised, and there—Ruth almost screamed in delight and amazement—for there was money! nickels—nickels—nickels without end! No wonder the thing was so heavy! She counted; forty-two nickels! and there in one corner was a little leather bag with just one hundred more! One hundred and forty-two nickels—seven dollars and ten cents!

"And I have four dollars and eighteen cents; eleven dollars and twenty-eight cents! And it will only take ten to get James out of disgrace and bring him home! Poor, little, dead Italian boy! You did not know how happy your treasured nickels would make three hearts!"

In her joy Ruth almost forgot that her errand was to fix the music box.

She didn't know any more what to do than the big cat who watched her, but she touched something, she couldn't tell what, and lo! the wheel turned and once again came the sweet tune. Carefully she laid the money in the table drawer, but the cover in place, closed the box and carried it back to the bedroom, saying cheerily:

"Well, grandma, the last hope is surely not dead. A card from James says he will be here to-morrow morning—and God and the angels forgive her for the lie.

The sweet, wrinkled, old face wore a happy smile, but the soul was gone. Softly the music-box played "The Last Hope." The door was closed; the dead woman was alone with the music she loved.

In the next room a boy and a girl—nay—a man and a woman stood side by side. Gently his arm stole around her waist.

"Ruthie, but for you her last hope—yes, and my own, had died. Had I not got here before she went I should never have forgiven myself."

He raised her sweet face to his and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, my darling, is it so? Is there one last hope for me still?" and the girl replied:

"How I have loved you, James!"—and sweetly, softly, "The Last Hope" played—for the dead and for the living.

IT WAS UP TO BROKEN TAYLOR.

Whether Beggar Should Take Lord's Name in Vain or Not.

Talbot J. Taylor, son-in-law of James R. Keene, is noted for his kindness of heart. Few are the beggars who, appealing to Mr. Taylor, are dismissed empty-handed.

One bright morning not long ago a gray-beard with one leg hobbled lumbly up to Mr. Taylor on Broadway.

"For God's sake, sir," he began, but the broker interrupted him with some severity.

"Don't take the Lord's name in vain, my friend," he said.

The beggar's rather intelligent face was illuminated with a faint smile.

"It will be your fault, sir," he said, "if I do take it in vain."

Thereupon the broker also smiled, and his hand went quickly to his pocket.

His Opinion of Wagner.

Augustus Thomas has a friend—a real Kentucky Colonel of the type one reads about in novels—who is very fond of the lighter music, but who has always entertained the opinion that the music of Wagner, Bach and other of the so-called classical composers is mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." When he was expressing his views on the subject of Wagnerian music it developed that he had never heard a Wagner opera. Thomas pleaded with him that it was hardly fair to condemn a thing without a hearing, and persuaded him to listen to a Wagner opera at the Metropolitan.

The Colonel went, and the next day when Thomas met him, he asked:

"Well, Colonel, what is your opinion of Wagner now?"

"What do I think of him? Why, I think he was nothing short of a scoundrel, huh! He could write a tune, but he wouldn't!"—New York Times.

Queer Case of Forgetfulness.

What is pronounced by physicians to be a case of double consciousness was brought to public notice by a suit filed by David Charters against the city of Denver for \$15,000 damages for injuries to his head, sustained by falling on a defective sidewalk, says a dispatch to the Philadelphia American. After the accident, which occurred Dec. 30, 1901, Charters proclaimed himself "Daniel the Prophet," and wrote a book, entitled "Daniel's Vision and Mission; Is Heaven Real? Is Hell Real?"

He preached on the streets, and established a prosperous mission. He also traveled about the country as an evangelist. Charters, a few weeks ago, recovered from his injury, and the attendant aberration, and declared that the interval following the accident was a blank to him. He had no knowledge of having written a book. After reading the book he pronounced its contents idiotic.

A Budding Romance.

They stroll away from all the rest To talk of Gipsy, Golf and Gossip. Till, by some strange caprice, at last The conversation turns on—kissing.

He claims, with that convincing air Of one whose knowledge is complete, That kisses won beneath the rose Are far the tenderest and sweetest.

A pause ensues. He begs her thought, Her glance no gleam of guile disclose, "I was just wondering," she observes, "If this year would be good for roses."

—Beatrice Hanscom in Ainslee's.

Now Is the Time.

To-day is the time for laughter; To-morrow the time for tears, Whatever may come hereafter, Whatever of woe with years; To-day is the time to borrow The best that the gods can give. We can sorrow if need be to-morrow, But to-day is the time to live!

—Boston Traveler.

Americans in Australia.

In all the larger cities of Australia and New Zealand you will find some Americans. Melbourne especially has many, whose fathers voyaged from San Francisco when gold was first discovered.

Mountain Cranberry.

Mountain cranberry is one of the best remedies for kidney troubles. It grows wild on poor soil, but is not as plentiful as many of the herbs.

East Spiders.

In the East Indies there are spiders so large that they feed on small birds.

KANSAS CITY GIRL WHO HAS WON HIGH FAVOR IN ENGLAND



MISS ELIZABETH PARKINSON

London correspondents point out an unusual honor for an American singer in the three-year contract made by the Covent Garden opera in London with Miss Elizabeth Parkinson. Miss Parkinson is the daughter of Judge John B.

Parkinson of Kansas City. She made her musical debut in Paris a little over a year ago, and a few months later appeared with success as Lakme in a grand production at the Opera Comique.

WON CAMPAIGN WITH BULL.

How New York Assemblyman Secured His Seat.

Much surprise was evinced when the young millionaire Robert Winthrop Chanler defeated Major Francis G. Landon in the race for the New York assembly. The explanation may be found in a story which seems to indicate that Mr. Chanler either has a good idea of practical politics or is being guided by a veteran at the game. Everything was going well with Major Landon's campaign, despite his unpopular move in declaring against the acceptance of Pullman passes, when Mr. Chanler invested \$5,000 in a prize bull, which he invited all of the farmers of the district to call at his place and view. The ruralists went into raptures over the bull, and when they expressed a wish that they might own such an animal Mr. Chanler promptly presented each with a card giving him an interest. These cards were distributed without discrimination to all raisers of cattle, and the prize bull became the common property of the county. Against this sort of competition Major Landon's fight was hopeless.

"THE HEALTH OF THE SICK."

Witty Toast Proposed by New York State Senator.

Senator Sullivan of New York was recently the guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the president," of Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy, and of a dozen other persons and subjects glasses were drained duly, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked that the witty Senator Sullivan had not yet responded to a toast. "Senator Sullivan," he said, rising, "has not yet been heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The Senator arose and beamed upon the assembly of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

CHARITIES TO BE KEPT UP.

Forecast of John D. Rockefeller's Last Testament.

It leaked out the other day through the statement of a prominent business man of New York city, whose acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller is a close one, that the terms of the Rockefeller will are so drawn that the numerous charities to which he now contributes regularly will receive the same benefits yearly as they do now. It isn't known whether this will include the University of Chicago or not, but it does include scores and scores of institutions and private charities which are kept alive largely by the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, and of which the world at large knows but little.

Left Lands of Unknown Value.

The personal property of the late George M. Wakefield, mining operator and speculator of Milwaukee, is worth \$123,699.40, according to the report of the appraisers made to the county court. How much the real estate is worth is not known, as the appraisers were unable to determine the values, there being 4,186 acres of mining land in Michigan and thirty acres in Marquette county.

Would Change Term of Office.

Assemblyman Newcomb has introduced in the New York legislature a bill providing that after the close of McClellan's term the mayor of New York shall remain in office four years instead of two. Mr. Newcomb at present contents himself with saying that if municipal and national politics are to be divorced in New York it is evident that mayoralty elections the year before the presidential contest must be abandoned.

UMPIRE KNEW HIS CHANCE.

How He Collected Fines From Obstreperous Ball Players.

Representative Cooper of Texas was telling of the vicissitudes of the Texas Baseball league in the days when he was interested in the national game.

"We had a league one summer," said Cooper, "composed of Texas towns, but the people were too busy to go to ball games, or the ball playing wasn't good enough, or something else. At any rate, along in June the clubs got into very hard straits. The players had not been paid for weeks and none of them had a cent. They kept on playing because the managers kept them supplied with meal tickets and there was nothing else for them to do if they wanted to eat."

"A new umpire came down to Dallas one time and the players had fun with him. He grew very indignant and began plastering on fines. The players merely laughed at him. Before the game was over he had fined everybody about \$100 apiece and nobody cared, for there wasn't \$100 in the combined treasury of the league."

"That night the umpire saw the meal ticket used. Next day he provided himself with a conductor's punch and went into the game. A player was impertinent."

"Here, you," said the umpire, "come here."

"The player walked over, grinning. 'Let me see your meal ticket,' said the umpire. The player handed it out. Then the umpire produced his punch and punched out a lot of holes."

"I'll fine you six meals," said he. Now get back into the game and behave yourself or you won't eat again this week."

"After that there was no more trouble."—Washington Post.

Night with Jack Frost.

Jack Frost ran down the meadows. Through the valleys and over the hills, And he chanted a chilly "Good evening" to all the old friends.

As he kissed the cold rivers and rills He colored the oaks and the maples, With a pencil most rare and divine, Till hush! He'd kissed them and gave them to wear.

And etchings too quaint to define. He chuckled with ghastly expression, Striding swift o'er the flower-fringed path. He tapped all the blossoms with merciless hand, And sending insupportable wrath.

He cast o'er the green sumach bushes A sense of unappealable dread. But, when they awoke to the bright morning sun, Their leaves were a beautiful red.

He sang to the boys and the sedges, In a frozen and guttural tone; He spoke to the pool with his frigid white lips, And a heart as cold as a stone.

He blared through his long hoary whiskers A discordant and rasping refrain; He shook out his locks to the fierce northern blast, As he whitened the mist and the rain.

He skipped o'er the panes of the windows, Leaving pictures unique in his trail; He brushed on the lake till its surface grew hard, Then rattled his showers of hail.

He leaped to the eaves and the trickles Transformed into pendulous aprons; Then sent the soft snowflakes to blanket the earth, While Avoius thrummed on his lyre.

He came to the cheeks of the lassie, And smacked them a glorious pink; He told her of sledges and tinkle of bells, With a sly and significant wink.

He returned to his home in the morning, Where he stroked his great whiskers with gloze; For the marvels he'd wrought in Luna's pale light, Were wonderful truly to see.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wealth in Steel Trust.

One-twelfth of the estimated wealth of the United States is represented at a meeting of the twenty-four directors of the United States Steel corporation, says World's Work. They represent as influential directors more than two hundred other companies. These companies operate nearly one-half of the railroad mileage of the United States. They are the great miners and carriers of coal. This group includes also directors of five insurance companies, two of which have assets of \$700,000,000. In the steel board are men who speak for five banks and ten trust companies in New York city, including the First National, the National City and the Bank of Commerce, the three greatest banks in the country, and the head of important chains of financial institutions; for two banks and three trust companies in Philadelphia; for two banks and two trust companies in Chicago; for one bank and two trust companies in Boston and for one bank and one trust company in Pittsburg, besides banking institutions in smaller cities.

Bird's Remarkable Power.

Mr. J. Lancaster, an American naturalist, who spent five years on the west coast of Florida studying birds there, came to the conclusion that, of all the feathered tenants of the air the frigate-bird can fly the longest without resting. He has seen one flying for a whole week night and day without repose. The frigate-bird can feed, collect materials for its nest, and even sleep on the wing. The spread of the frigate-bird's wings is very great, and it can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour without seeming to flap its wings very much.

Belated Story of Tom Reed.

The readiness of repartee of the late Thomas B. Reed was never better illustrated than on one occasion when he went to visit a friend who lived at the top of a long and narrow flight of stairs. Half way up Reed missed his footing and fell to the bottom. His friend, hearing the racket, rushed to the door and shouted down the semi-darkness of the hall: "Who is that?"

"'Tis Elser rolling rapidly," drawled the man from Maine as he picked himself up.—New York Times.



Smoothing her pillow.

I got the money without letting her know? O Jamie, Jamie! Why will you? I love him, anyway, and if it's in my power I'll get him home!"

She sat and pondered—it seemed for hours, but the problem remained unsolved.

"Ruthie! Ruthie!"

"Yes, grandma, I'm coming; do you want your tea?"

"No, not now, dearie. Child, I want you to go up into the attic—here, take this key, unlock the big chest and bring down the music box you will find there—if you can carry it. Wait! let me tell you about it," and the dy-